

HAYANA.

The United States steamer Philadelphia, S. P. Quinn, commander, left New-Orleans Sept. 30 at 8 a. m., arrived at Havana at 10 a. m. of the 3d, and sailed on the afternoon of the same day for New-York, and arrived here on Tuesday, Sept. 28.

The Philadelphia landed 42 passengers and \$4,000 in specie at Havana, and brings 10 passengers and \$115,000 in specie for this port.

From Havana to Cape Hatteras the Philadelphia encountered heavy head winds accompanied with a terrific head sea.

The health of Havana was rapidly improving. Several cargoes of negroes had been landed on the north side of Cuba. Two Spanish vessels had been seized, and several persons supposed to be implicated in the trade had been imprisoned by order of the Captain-General.

Stock of sugar on hand, 155,000 boxes. Exchange on New-York and other cities at par.

From Our Own Correspondent.

HAVANA, Sept. 28, 1887.

Some six weeks ago Gen. Concha issued a very stringent order against the slave-trade and its abettors, from the tenor of which it would appear that the perpetrators were to be dealt with in a summary manner. Since the publication of the edict, landings have been effected on different parts of the coast, and even in the harbor of Havana, without counting the hundreds of negroes brought from the Keys on the northern coast for sale in this market. Still, no steps were taken by the authorities to find out the parties concerned in fitting out expeditions for the coast—probably because they had taken every precaution to destroy all evidence of the scandalous violation of sacred treaties. But the last ten days have furnished additional evidence of the guilty complicity of this Government, in the seizure of two vessels, one an American, at Cardenas, with nearly 500 souls, and the other in the port of Havana, with a dead negro and four emaciated negroes. The second was too public, and demanded a little display of vigor. Consequently a few parties were arrested, no evidence of guilt adduced, and a dismissal of the case.

The American ship Mazepa, of Gen. Paz, was seized last Monday week, near Cardenas, by the Spanish schooner Hahana, while in the act of landing a cargo of Africans. She was ashore at the time, and the schooner approached and boarded her for the purpose of rendering assistance. When the officer came on deck his eyes met with one of those awful scenes so common in the slave-trade. The deck and hold were strewn with hundreds of naked Africans, in different stages of the small-pox. The able-bodied part of the cargo had been successfully landed, and it seems that the captain was making arrangements to get off the rocks and proceed to sea again, until the disease had disappeared. The vessel was carried into the port of Cardenas, where she will undergo quarantine. She is a fine shipper, and, supposed by some to be the Mazepa, and by others to be the Gen. Paz. Her captain is an American, and the crew are mostly Spanish and Portuguese. The number of negroes saved was about five hundred, and had she not been aground, she would not have been suspected by the Spanish cruiser.

We had hardly begun to get over the excitement attendant on such an extraordinary event in the annals of the Spanish marine, the capture of a slave, when some bold fellow came into the harbor of Havana, immediately under the guns of the Punta Canela, and within fifty yards of the sentry's box, landed 400 negroes! How the matter was managed is more than I can ascertain. A thousand reports are in circulation, but as they throw no light on the subject, I refrain from troubling your readers with their perusal. One fact, however, cannot be overlooked—400 negroes were landed in this harbor at 12 o'clock in the night, in front of a guard, conveyed to some hiding place, and with the exception of forty-three, belonging to the sailors, have been conveyed to safe places in the country. This speaks highly of our police and watchmen. On that day General Concha manifested singularly great displeasure, and used all the grandiloquent phrases of an offended Spanish General. His threats had the effect of stirring up the officers to catch the part assigned the sailors, but no more.

Since the facts connected with the landings effected previously in the harbor of Havana have been published in your paper, and perhaps in consequence thereof, several arrests have been made, but I have yet to hear of the execution of the famous decree. One of the parties is a certain Duran, in whose house fifteen Africans were discovered. The other fellow lives in Bonch, his name is Harzo, and he is one of the millionaires of the town. Both were released on heavy bail after a few days' confinement in the prison.

The cases mentioned in my last, of partial seizure of cargoes, have been decided in favor of the actual holders of the property, though there is every reasonable proof that the captured negroes were genuine Africans, inasmuch as they could not speak a single word of the beautiful language of Cervantes. How long this state of things will last is hard to tell. The authorities in all cases plead ignorance as their excuse, in not having seized the negroes. It would be well for England to strengthen her squadron here.

We have received three cargoes of Chinese laborers, all in good health, and fine-looking men. They were brought up by one of the stock companies for different sugar estates. There are strong probabilities entertained of our succeeding in getting Chinese women. If such is the case, the Chinese immigration will lose one of its worst features.

Notwithstanding a remarkable statement in the boat, the weather is quite unsettled, and the yellow fever almost as bad as ever. The Spanish squadron still continues to lose its men in unusual numbers.

General Concha is at Marians awaiting patiently the arrival of his successor.

A MOUNTAIN RAMBLE.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

WALLINGFORD, Vt., Sept. 17, 1887.

I cannot better give you an idea of the life of these hills than by describing one of my recent rambles. Something more than a mile south-west of the village rises a knob of the earth called by the popular name of White Rocks. The said knob constitutes one of the highest and ruggedest mountains in this region. At a side view, taken from a sufficiently removed point of observation, it bears a notable resemblance to a couchant elephant, the head northerly, the huge shoulders rising above, and the monstrous back and sides carrying their undented altitudes far away to the south. Only this elephant is a shaggy one; bristling thickets and thin growths of stunted forest trees half covering his back, strong hide.

To pay my respects to this venerable monster, I set out in the morning, while yet the early mists were curling up from the valley, and wreathing the mountain tops. Avoiding the dew-drenched grass, I followed a road upon the banks of a mountain stream, whose waters chased me on with the glad story of their native hills. Arrived where branches of both road and stream diverged, I kept to the right; and now the elephantine head of the mountain rose stern and tremendous before me. One side, where the animal's left ear should be, appears clean cleaved away, as if, at some early, fabulous period, its skull had been smashed and knee knocked off by the hammer of Scandinavian Thor.

Tan supposed mishap leaves a lofty, gray-glimmering precipitous crag, being conspicuously visible at great distances, gives the mountain its name. A little to the east lies a diminutive mound, possibly the main fragment which was broken away. Between, covering a large area, chiefly beneath the precipice, shaven down the animal's face, appear astonishing ruins, vast cataraacts of stones, and high-piled, enormous blocks. These blocks are thrown up against the mountain, like stairs for Titans to mount. They are surrounded by a tangled web. From the western side, victors approach by a path which leads to a famous ice-bed, climb the superabundant masses, and scratch their initials among the brown boulders that incur their further way. Stepping up the common and already familiar way, I pressed to the north, around the face of the mountain.

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In pursuance of this determination a band of Regulars (a term well understood in Florida, California, and some of the Western States), was organized, and day after day they were busy in organizing a party of certain parties that their presence in the county could no longer be tolerated, and that they must take themselves away by Tuesday (last Tuesday) or submit to the law of force; that on that day they must leave the county either peacefully or otherwise; and that for their crops, stock, &c., they should receive an equivalent. (One of the parties that were present, and who were not present to which they might desire to emigrate. Among the parties thus notified there was a man by the name of Moses Hornsby, and his family—wife, one grown son, Mike, and three small children. Moses thought of the matter, and concluded to leave the county, and to go to the place where he would be safe. He played the old soldier on them, however, as the sequel will show.

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At this instant a shot was fired from the house, through a sort of rude and ineffectual port-hole, at Foreman, missing his knee a few inches and striking his horse dead beneath him. Another shot in quick succession, and the party scattered as quickly as possible, but left four more of their number upon the field—two by the name of Radcliff—an old gentleman and his son, the son mortally and the old gentleman dangerously, if not mortally wounded—a Mr. May, son-in-law of Radcliff, dangerously wounded, and Mr. Foreman, with his ankle fractured by the falling of his horse. Three horses were also shot down and killed. This was the effect of not exceeding nine shots from the house.

In the midst of this firing, young Radcliff, a brave and determined fellow, fell. Satisfied that his wound was fatal, he determined to have some little revenge, and, crawling to a stump, rested his gun upon it, and fired through the port-hole, emptying the contents of one barrel in the face and breast of old Hornsby, giving him his quietus. Casting his eye to another part of the fortification he perceived that the other barrel, his shot, it seems, took effect in the left side of Hornsby's wife, and in the legs and hips of her infant, which she held in her arms. She was killed instantly—the child may possibly recover.

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CITY ITEMS.

ENSLA will be given this evening at the Academy, with Madame La Grange, Mlle. Vestral, Glessier and others, in the cast.

HOWARD TRIFTER.—Mr. J. J. Kelly of the Mohawk Tribune delivered a lecture this evening at the Spring Street Hall, between Thompson and Sullivan streets, on "The Customs and Ceremonies of the Indian Tribes of America." He will appear in full Indian costume.

Some of the papers are lecturing women upon extravagance in dress, and advising them to retrench, especially during the present fiscal difficulty. Doubtless there are many cases of unwarrantable extravagance in this way; but do people ever consider that two or three glasses of brandy and half a dozen regalia indulged in daily by a man, to say nothing of five and ten dollar dinners, amount to more in a year than would be required to dress a woman up to the full requirements of fashion? Much of this talk about the extravagance of women is nonsense. They are almost universally careful, and many a trader would to-day have been safe and sound if he had listened to the prudent counsels of his wife, rather than the reckless promptings of his own ambition. It is natural for men to endeavor to shift the responsibility of their folly to other shoulders, but it is rather too much to charge a commercial revolution like this upon the wife and daughters.

INSPECTORS OF ELECTION FOR THE NEW DISTRICTS.—A QUESTION AS TO THOSE ELECTED.—The Joint Committee of Aldermen and Councilmen, to whom was referred the subject of appointing inspectors of Elections, met last night yesterday to receive the nominations from the different members of the Common Council. There was not a full attendance of the Committee, and very few of the members were present. While waiting, some of the Committee had an informal argument as to whether the alteration of the districts violated the election of these inspectors chosen by the people last year. An Alderman thought the officers of the

A BOSTON NOTICE.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

BOSTON, Sept. 28, 1887.

There has been a peculiar feature in State politics for some time here—the anomaly of a candidate for Governor with no prominent newspaper support in the great city of the State. Governor Gardner has had, hitherto, no organ in this city to present his claims to the gubernatorial chair of Massachusetts for the year to come. It seems that he has been brought to the miserable shift of a purchase. His well-known organ, *The Bee*, for reasons best known to itself, has long since deserted him, and gone in, with all its hum and buzz and sweetness and power, for the election of the little iron man, Mr. Banks. Last Saturday evening, however, we heard it declared that *The Bee* would soon define its position—would soon take a stand where no man nor newspaper could take a stand. It was said that the proprietors had entered into negotiations with Governor Gardner for the loan of \$14,000 to lift it out of present financial difficulties, upon the condition that it would support his claims for the governorship; that the newspaper had been completed, and that it was to have two weeks to abandon its old position and declare itself for him. The truth of this statement we cannot vouch for, but this we are sure of, this morning, in the leading editorial, the claims of each of the candidates were considered, the declaration was made that the present contest would be conducted principally upon personal grounds, and that Governor Gardner presented the most desirable candidate for that position. This editorial confirms the statements of last Saturday evening, so the Governor will have one paper in the city of Boston which will advocate his cause. He will need this paper, and as many more as he can find fourteen thousand dollars to lend to, before he will succeed.

A BLOODY BATTLE IN GEORGIA.

Correspondence of The Evening Advertiser.

BRECKWICK, Ga., Sept. 17, 1887.

Honey-Gall—a small settlement 17 miles from our city, and in Glynn County—was, on Tuesday morning last, about the hour of 10, the scene of one of the most deadly conflicts and bloody tragedies in the annals of a law-abiding, civilized community. It appeared as if a day of retribution had been decreed for some years, and with a band of thieves, whose practice it was to live upon the farms and stock of the honest citizens of the vicinity. These thieves had successfully eluded the vigilance of the sufferers, and escaped the punishment prescribed by the statute, until, at last, their conduct became intolerable, and the Governor, in a fit of indignation, determined, on the part of the good citizens around Honey-Gall, to remove them at all hazards, and without the aid of the law.

In pursuance of this determination a band of Regulars (a term well understood in Florida, California, and some of the Western States), was organized, and day after day they were busy in organizing a party of certain parties that their presence in the county could no longer be tolerated, and that they must take themselves away by Tuesday (last Tuesday) or submit to the law of force; that on that day they must leave the county either peacefully or otherwise; and that for their crops, stock, &c., they should receive an equivalent. (One of the parties that were present, and who were not present to which they might desire to emigrate. Among the parties thus notified there was a man by the name of Moses Hornsby, and his family—wife, one grown son, Mike, and three small children. Moses thought of the matter, and concluded to leave the county, and to go to the place where he would be safe. He played the old soldier on them, however, as the sequel will show.

At the hour of 10 on Tuesday morning, fourteen of the Regulars appeared before Hornsby's door—twelve of them with guns, and two with knives. One of the two who were unarmed—a Mr. and Dr. Foreman—was made the spokesman, and to the parleying with the Hornsby. He advanced to within a few feet of the door and asked a neighboring woman (by the name of Holland, who happened to be there, or was so by design, and who had been also notified to leave), if Mr. Hornsby was at home. She replied, "Yes, he is somewhere about."

At this instant a shot was fired from the house, through a sort of rude and ineffectual port-hole, at Foreman, missing his knee a few inches and striking his horse dead beneath him. Another shot in quick succession, and the party scattered as quickly as possible, but left four more of their number upon the field—two by the name of Radcliff—an old gentleman and his son, the son mortally and the old gentleman dangerously, if not mortally wounded—a Mr. May, son-in-law of Radcliff, dangerously wounded,